

TO THE POINT

Hovis wore
a big black hat
pure Okie style
and him fourteen

The shed boss teased
Boy
did you steal your
daddy's hat

No sir
I worked all week
and bought me one

LAST COMMANDMENT

It was ironic that Mrs. Cooley
spent her last days
in a highrise hospital
without one blade of grass
beneath her feet
or single cowbell tinkle from
the pasture
family crowded around her
hospital bed
that last day waiting for her
final breath
she could not hear, they thought

or speak a word
but at five-thirty sharp
suppertime on the farm
she opened her lips and demanded
of her daughter

"Maggie
Don't sell my churn"